

St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

COMMENCED, AUGUST 8, 1837.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., FRIDAY, NOV. 22, 1867.

VOLUME 31—NUMBER 1582

THE CALEDONIAN.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

W. H. STONE & CO., PROPRIETORS.

Published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays.

Subscription price, \$2.00 per annum in advance.

Single copies, 5 cents.

Advertisements, as usual.

Entered as second-class matter, October 3, 1879.

Postage paid at St. Johnsbury, N. H.

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1879.

Postmaster, W. H. Stone.

Printed at the St. Johnsbury Press, No. 100 North Main Street.

St. Johnsbury Business Cards.

O. S. BURKE, Attorney at Law.

G. B. BULLARD, Attorney at Law.

JOHN BACON, 24, Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

F. B. GAGE, ARTIST, 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. A. BAKER, 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

DR. F. H. FALES, 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

GEO. S. SHAW, 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

OLIVER T. BROWN, 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

C. S. MADLEY, 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

DR. J. L. PERKINS, 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

R. B. BLACKSTONE, 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

J. NUTT, 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

E. A. VARNY, M. D., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

S. T. BROOKS, M. D., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

WILLIAM W. GROUT, 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

DR. G. W. MILES, 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

DUPE, BECK & SAYLES, 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

THE GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS, 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

W. H. STONE & CO., 100 North Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Andrew Johnson.

BY J. R. W. SLOANE.

We propose to sketch, in some of its more prominent features, the character of the man whose name stands at the head of this article. We cannot promise that the picture will be either flattering to the subject or attractive to the observer; we shall endeavor to make it truthful. Objects by no means agreeable to the eye, may be instructive to the understanding.

Some men appear to be raised to positions of eminence that their virtues may shine with a brighter lustre; others, that their defects and vices may be more conspicuous. To the former class belong Washington and Lincoln; to the latter belongs Andrew Johnson.

The present incumbent of the presidential chair is chiefly remarkable for the lack of all qualifications essential to a position so dignified and responsible, while by some mysterious fatality, however, finely endowed with all the opposite qualities in rare combination. If we were asked to describe, what a president of the United States should be, we could reply in no way that would more forcibly convey our meaning than by saying, *What Andrew Johnson is not*. If, on that sad 15th of April, those morning hours were laden with the heavy tidings that Abraham Lincoln, mortally wounded by an assassin, lay dying, and again, that the president was dead,—any friend of his country had attempted to conceive the sort of man that his successor should be, the result could not have differed materially from the character of him who now holds that high position.

Andrew Johnson is the result of the worst influences of slavery. That noxious institution has made him what he is. In its polluted atmosphere were developed and ripened those qualities which make him the disgrace and curse of his country. "Scratch a Russian," said Napoleon, "and you will find a Tarrar beneath." Johnson's patriotism and opposition to slavery were a surface-coating, concealing the old tyrannical, negotiating spirit that lay beneath. The country has been cruelly deceived and disappointed. The president has broken every pledge, and given the lie to every profession made before his elevation. The voice of Andrew Johnson of Tennessee was that of Moses; the acts of Andrew Johnson, president of the United States, have been those of Pharaoh. When he was fairly seated in the presidential chair, one of his first utterances which reached the public ear, was that infamous falsehood, accompanied with a profane oath, that "this is a white man's government." This was soon followed by the famous "Swinging round the circle" threats; and from that hour until this, he has been a more malignant and more dangerous enemy to the country, than was ever Jefferson Davis with Lee and the Confederate army at his back. Wendell Phillips struck the key-note of his policy when he told the country that it had the rebellion now encamped in the White House.

It is not of his political conduct alone, but also of his moral character that we propose to speak. We simply declare what is known to the world, because he has taken no pains to conceal it, when we state that Andrew Johnson is grossly intemperate. It is a latter, humiliating truth that should mantle the cheek of every citizen of the country with the crimson blush of shame. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, that the highest interests of this great country, in the very crisis of her destiny, have been committed to the hands of an intemperate drunkard. There is not a railroad company in the country that would employ Andrew Johnson with his present habits. There is not a prudent merchant in the land who would give him the charge of his business. And yet, the highest office of the nation is held by him, and at this hour he dictates the national policy! The disgraced scene at the time of his inauguration as vice president, and the humiliating display of last summer, are fresh in the memory of all. Lost to all sense of shame and indifference to the ordinary proprieties of life, he flouts his wickedness in the face of the nation and before the world.

Other public men have been profane—the more so the pity: Andrew Johnson is the first president, so far as we know, who has mouthed his blasphemies in the presence of assembled multitudes. We pass in silence other vices of a more debasing kind. Sufficient is open and manifest to excite any other feeling than that of extinction or respect. The variety of the man would be something amusing in a sphere less conspicuous and responsible. He has talked about himself until he is ironically designated "the humble individual." He speaks as pompously of the position he occupies as though he were the elect of the nation, and not "the accident of an accident." Inflated with the flatteries of the cunning sycophants who pander to his vanity, he imagines himself the idol of the nation, and firmly believes that he is playing the role of Andrew Jackson. His favorite friends and advisers are men destitute of principle, unknown to the nation, and unworthy of the position of influence. Indeed, the presence of any noble quality subjects its possessor to ridicule, and exposes him to other vulgar expectations of his vulgar acquaintance. The proof of this is in his times against Stevens, Sumner, Sheridan, Phillips, and more recently, that popular christian soldier, General Howard.

He talks about the people with all the glib fluency of the consummate demagogue, while wielding all the power at his command to baffle the nation's will. In alliance with the men who sought the nation's destruction, and who, having treated him heretofore with sovereign contempt, now use him as their plant tool, he seeks by every means to balk the purpose of those who poured out their blood like water and their treasure like dust to save the nation's life, under the pretext that they are misled by fanatical radicals and hypocritical preachers! With an arrogance that would have caused the head of any British sovereign for the last two hundred years to roll from the block, he attempts to defeat the purpose of the people expressed through their representatives, by long-winded votes, and, when those fail, by the most shameless denial of the very interpretation which he himself had put upon Congressional enactments and by removing every officer who attempts to carry them out according to their true spirit and intent.

He possesses ability of a certain kind; he is bold, determined and unscrupulous; he knows well the power which he wields, and understands the weakness of his adversaries. Firmly believing the maxim that "every man has his price," he laughs at threats of impeachment, and uses the ablest men of the country as his counters in the bold game which he is playing. He is more than likely to prevent his term of office and prevent reconstruction on any just basis for several years. His strength is not in himself, but in the vacillation of Congress, the timidity of the republican party, and the lack of principle in the men who should, but do not, oppose his audacious designs.

We have written, not for the purpose of joining in a vain cry for the impeachment of the President—we have yet to be persuaded that there is sufficient nerve in Congress for so bold and effective a measure, but in order to call attention to the necessity of some standard of qualification for office different from the present. The nation, groaning under the incubus of this bad man, cries out, "We must not put good men in office." In vain do we look for good political principles in men of bad moral character. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" No amendment of the Constitution is more imperatively demanded than one closing the doors of the halls of Congress and the White House against the drunkard, the gambler, the profane swearer, and the delinquent. We care not what name is applied to it, whether it be called moral or religious. One thing is certain. We must have a test that will secure the nation against Andrew Johnsons and John Morrisseys. When we recant the law of God, "Set up over you able men, fearing God, and hating covetousness," then, and not till then, will we be safe against such rulers as the one with whom, for our sins, God now scourges this nation.

A Look Backward.

A correspondence of the Boston Journal writes from Montpelier as follows: Montpelier lies so far inland and at such a remove from the great thoroughfares of the country—though in this respect improving, thanks to the energy and good judgment of the managers of the Vermont Central Railway—that the visits of eminent men have been of rare occurrence. The visit of Gen. Sheridan last year was the first and only President ever here was President Monroe, about the year 1816. He stopped at what has ever since been known as the Caledonia House—a private residence a little to the right of State street, on the east side of Main street. There he resided in Montpelier, his glory long since passed away. So much has the whole town been raised up since it was built that its site is now several feet below the street which passes it. My informant says President Monroe went through the state by special stage, at the rate of ten to fifteen miles an hour. It is stated that to defray the expenses of the Presidential visit, in part, persons so inclined were permitted to sit in the chair which Mr. Monroe used, on payment of one dollar. President Monroe was welcomed to the state, and presented to the people by Gen. John Peck, father of the late Lucius R. Peck.

Gen. Lafayette visited the state and was entertained at the year 1825. He entered the state at Windsor and there was welcomed by the Hon. Horace Everett. Arriving at Montpelier, he stopped at the "Caledonia." He visited the State House and was presented to the Legislature by Judge Pain. Hon. Daniel Kellogg, now the venerable and respected Senator from Windham county, was then the Governor's Secretary and made the entire trip of the state with Gen. Lafayette. It is said that though he was entertained at the Caledonia, some of the bodies of the place contrived to increase his bill of fare. One lady whose husband had been in France and had the receipt of France soup, made a dish of it and placed at the General's disposal as a rare dish for the times. It is further related that the only carpet in town was taken up and carried to the State House for his use while there. The times have changed since then, verily.

A SAUCY NIGGER—Sambo's "massa" was on his last legs when he sent for that eccentric chelt to come and hear the heavy tidings from his own lips. Standing in front of the sick bed, he awaits the solemn intelligence. "Well, Sambo, says the master, faintly, 'I'm going to leave you very soon, my poor fellow; it'll be mighty long to you, but I hope you'll get a better master than I've been to you. I'm in debt, and I s'pose you'll have to be sold; but I trust you'll get a better master.' Sambo looked this way and that, and thrust his fingers uneasily into his wool. Nobody was round and 'massa at the point of death.' Why couldn't he speak his mind for once? "Nebber hab nother chance," he he, massa, be he, grinned Sambo. "Nebber ye, sar. Wich me better massa when you's gone, do ye? Good—he, he—no chance to get a wussar one." "Ah, Sambo, now that's cruel," sighed the sick man. "How can you approach your master at such a time? Well, well, I'm willing to die, it's only to get out of this ungrateful world." "Eh, massa?" replied the inexorable comforter. "You gwine to die, be ye? You willin' to die, be ye? Good fuss rate; he, he—everybody be willin' to live ye?" "Hand me down your cowlie!" spoke up the dying man, starting from the bed with wonder. "I ain't so bad yet but that I can flog a sassy nigger!" Exit Sambo in a hurry.

Fictitious Names of the States and their Origin.

Maine is called the *Lumber State*, because its inhabitants are extensively engaged in cutting and rafting lumber; also the *Pine Tree State*, the central and northern part being covered with vast pine forests.

New Hampshire, the *Granite State*, not only on account of the abundance of its granite, but also for the stability of the character of its people, *Switzerland of America*, from its picturesque scenery.

Vermont, the *Green Mountain State*, from the Green Mountains being its principal range.

Massachusetts, the *Bay State*, from its having been called the colony of Massachusetts bay previous to the adoption of the constitution, and *Old Colony*, from the Original Plymouth colony, that being formed previous to the Massachusetts bay colony.

Rhode Island, *Little Rhody*, a name employed to designate it as the smallest state in the Union.

Connecticut, the *Free State*, from its vast freestone quarries. *Land of Steady Habits*, from the moral character of its inhabitants. *Nutmeg State*, from the shrewdness of its inhabitants, who have been justly accused of palming off wooden nutmegs for the genuine article.

New York, the *Empire State*, from its being the most populous and wealthy state in the Union. *Excelsior State*, from the motto excelsior up on its coat of arms.

Delaware, the *Diamond State*, from its small size and great worth. *Blue Hen*, a term which originated with Captain Caldwell, of the revolution, who was fond of cock-fighting, so much so, that when his officers were sent to collect new cock-fighters, he said that they had gone for one of Caldwell's game cocks; but as Caldwell insisted that no cock could be truly game, unless its mother was a blue hen, the expression "Blue Hen" chickens was substituted for "Game Coocks," and consequently the term "Blue Hen" was applied to the state.

Pennsylvania, the *Key Stone State*, from its having been the centre of the thirteen original states.

Virginia, *Old Dominion*, first called *Old Virginia* from its being the first permanent settlement by the English, and *Dominion*, because in all parliamentary messages it was designated the colony or dominion of Virginia. Hence "Old Dominion," from old Virginia.

North Carolina, the *Old North State*, *Tar Heel State*, because it produces and exports great quantities of turpentine.

South Carolina, *Palm Tree State*, from the representation of the palmetto tree upon its coat of arms.

Florida, *Panhandle State*, from its shape.

Mississippi, the *Bayou State*, from its numerous creeks and bayous.

Louisiana, *Cock State*, from its inhabitants being of French and Spanish origin.

Texas, *Lone Star State*, from its coat of arms containing a single star.

Arkansas, the *Bear State*, from the great number of bears which infest its forests.

Kansas, *Garden of the West*, from its productive soil.

Missouri, *Pike State*, also, *Wild Cat State*, names originating from an altercation between two men living on opposite sides of the Mississippi river. One shouted to the other, "Nigger," the other responded "Pike," "Wild Cat." Hence these names have been applied to the State.

Iowa, *Haw Eye State*, from an Indian chief, who was once a terror to emigrants, and whose name was crossed its boundaries.

Wisconsin, the *Dalger State*, from the great number of badgers or ground hogs which infest its prairies.

Illinois, *Prairie State*, from its extensive and beautiful prairies. *Sucker State*, from the manner in which the early travelers who crossed it obtained water to thirst on the journey, which was to thrust a long rod into the holes made by the craw fish and suck it up.

Indiana, *Hoosier State*, from an exclamation made by a young man named Short who had outdone three Kentucky bullies in a fight on the Ohio river. He obtained the exclamation *hoosier* from short speech made by the Polish officer in praise of his troops, (called *Hussars*, or *Hoosiers* as he pronounced it), and in such terms as to indicate that they were really more fierce than the Kentuckians who lorded it over the men of Indiana. Short having triumphed over three of them, exclaimed, "I am a Hoosier." Hence it became a nickname for all the inhabitants, as it did afterwards to the state.

Olio, *Buckeye State*, from the abundance of buckeye trees which flourish there.

Michigan, *Lake State*, from its bordering upon four large lakes, *Wolverine State*, from the great number of wolverines which infest it.

Kentucky, *Corn Cracker State*, from its rich crops of gold.

Oregon, *New Albion*, a name formerly given to a large tract of land extending along the northwest coast of North America, but now including only Oregon and part of Washington territory.—*Freemason*.

When to Clean Teeth.—All admit that acids are the almost exclusive agents in commencing the decay in teeth. The action is undoubtedly begun in sleep. Through the day a person is occasionally drinking, eating, etc., and acids are continually disturbed in their action, but during sleep they are active, and, if present, will certainly prey upon the teeth. Therefore, before retiring is the proper time to clean them, if done only once in a day.

A six year old seated in a barber's chair; to him the hairdresser: "Well, my little gentleman, and how would you like your hair cut?" "Charlie—'Oh, like papa's please—with a little round hole at the top.'"

Can You Count a Billion?

Said a father to his black-eyed son one evening: "Can you count a billion?" "Certainly, papa, that's no great feat." "Do you know how many is a billion?" "Not exactly, but I will see what Webster says in his great dictionary. Here it is. A million of millions: as many millions as there are units in a million."

"Now my son this is a very large number and do you think you can count it?" "Certainly I can."

"How long do you think it would take you if you did nothing else but count it?" "Perhaps all day, or easily in two days."

"Take your slate and pencil and let us make a little calculation. As your tongue is very nimble, I will allow that you can count two hundred in a minute. How many will this give you in an hour?"

"Why, only 12,000."

"And how many in twenty-four hours?"

"Only 288,000."

"This tells you that two days are not enough even if you count without eating or sleeping; for it would only give you 576,000, which is far short of a billion."

"Give me a whole year and I will count it."

"If you do," said the good natured father, with a twinkle in his eye, "I will give you a thousand dollars and take you to Niagara and the White Mountains the next summer. Come, you will carry again and see how far a year will carry you towards the billion, allowing that you work 365 days, and 24 hours each day. Multiply 588,000 counted in one day by 365, and what result have you?"

"Why, papa, only 105,120,000. I give it up, for I do not believe that I could count it in all my lifetime."

"That is very probable my son, but now you are at it, keep up the calculations and find out how long it would take to count a billion. Be careful in your multiplications and additions, for a small mistake where the figures are so many, will make a great difference in the result. I will look over with you. You have made the calculation and what is the result?"

"Perfectly amazing. To count a million times a million would take 2,512 years, 34 days, 5 hours and 20 minutes at the rate of 200 for every minute. This no man could possibly do."

"This calculation demonstrates to you my son, that some things which are, upon examination, seem to be very easy, are, upon experiment found to be very difficult, if not impracticable. If Adam, instead of disobeying God had commenced counting from the first moment of his being, and continued until now, he would only have got through with about two-thirds of his task.—*Chicago Advertiser*.

The French method of enumerating, in use in the U. S., gives a thousand million in a billion.

After the Funeral.

Of all returnings, that one "After the funeral" is the saddest. Who will say it is not so, that has ever followed a beloved one to the grave? While he was sick we went in and out, anxious, sorrowing, suffering. The solicitude to relieve and care for, and comfort him, engrossed us; the fear of losing him excited and agonized us; the apprehension of our own desolation in case he should be removed from us, almost drove us wild.

While he lay dead beneath the home roof there was hurry and bustle in preparation for the final rites. Friends are sent for, neighbors are present, the funeral arrangements are discussed, and mourning procured, the hospitalities of the house provided for, all is excitement; the loss is not yet perceived in all its greatness.

But, "after the funeral,"—after the bustle